

The Liberalist

Volume XXXII

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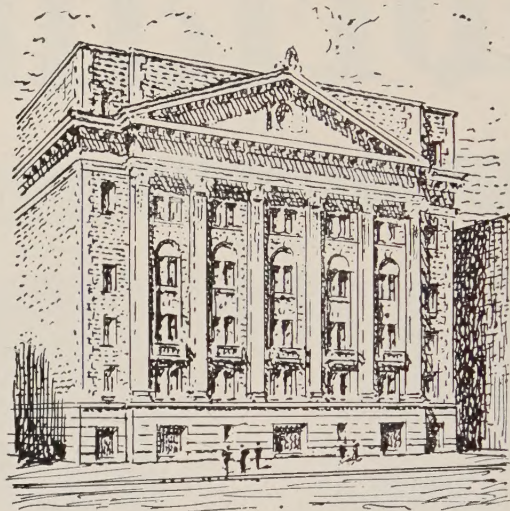


**31st Anniversary of The Liberalist
43rd Year of Dr. Bradley's Pastorate**

God scatters love on every side
Freely among his children all,
And always hearts are lying open wide
Wherein some grains may fall.

James Russell Lowell

(From "One Thousand Beautiful Things"—Barrows)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO
Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Books

"HAPPINESS THROUGH CREATIVE LIVING"

"NEW WEALTH FOR YOU"—\$1.00

"MEDITATIONS" and "MY DAILY STRENGTH"

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

"Mastering Fear"

"Courage For Today"

"Power From Right Thinking"

"Life and You"

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

WITH this number of The Liberalist we begin our 32nd year of publication. Every month for the past 31 years we have published our monthly magazine. There are two complete files in existence. With the conclusion of each year I have had the twelve copies bound in durable binding with hard covers, giving them permanence and durability. In order to minimize the dangers of fire or other destruction, these two files are kept separately—one is carefully stored in our church office and the other is kept in my own study and away from light and the danger of any kind of mutilation or destruction.

Apart from my own daily journal, which I have kept all during my pastorate, The Liberalist has been a complete record of my activities, both in my extra-curricular work and also the details of my pastoral activities. The subject and the date of every sermon has been recorded in my journal and every wedding, funeral and christening during the years has been printed in The Liberalist.

I had a small, intimate and lovely wedding the other day in the Study, and after the wedding I asked the bride why she chose me to perform her wedding ceremony. She replied, "Because you married my father and mother and christened me as a baby." I turned to her father and asked him, "What was the date of your wedding?" He told me, and I went to my file of my daily journals, took down the one for the year which he mentioned, turned to the page and showed his daughter, the bride, the date and recording of her own parents' wedding. Then I said to her, "What was the date

of your christening?" On her telling me, I turned to the page on which I had written the record of her christening. They were all most interested. This experience I have had not once, but many, many times over the years. Every church and every minister should keep such a detailed record. Many times my records have been referred to by people and families attempting to establish dates. Particularly during the war years, when the matter of compensation or other problems were being met, the fact that this record was available has been of great help. Quite apart from being a statistical record of my ministry, it is an interesting experience for me to go back over the years and re-read some of the sermons, all of which are extemporaneously delivered, and to notice the changes which have unconsciously crept into my own sermons and writings. I can trace definitely the development of many present-day ideas, and easily detect the impact of the contemporary influences surrounding me at the time of their delivery.

Our file of The Liberalist constitutes an almost complete expression of my life and work. Occasionally I will receive a letter from some subscriber who will tell me they too have kept a complete file of The Liberalist; and because of the unusual character of our covers, particularly in recent years, many tell me they are making scrapbooks of the covers. I know of no church publication anywhere that has more interesting covers. They are always selected by Miss Smalley, my associate editor; they are works of art, and each one is expressive of the season of the year in which they appear.

The whole format of *The Liberalist* is the craftsmanship of one of the finest publishing houses in the United States—Kable Printing Company—located in Mount Morris, Illinois. They co-operate most helpfully and their suggestions are always of great value. They publish many magazines for a great many organizations and institutions and have a national reputation. I see a great many publications by various churches and I do not believe I am writing extravagantly to say that I know of none which has a finer format, better typography, or covers a wider range of interest than our own *Liberalist*.

I remember vividly after our Board of Trustees, 31 years ago, decided to have a church magazine, the joy, enthusiasm and love which "Mother" and I put into the first number. The bound volume of the first year is on my desk as I write. On the front cover is a picture of the Pantheon Theatre in which we were then holding our services. Under the picture of the theatre is this descriptive phrase: "One of the Largest and Most Beautiful Theatre Auditoriums in America." And indeed it was. It was almost a city block from the pulpit to the last row of the balcony of the theatre. There were nearly three thousand comfortable seats and the interior was beautiful and artistic. Those were the days before there were any microphones or any form of amplification, and I well remember that when we moved into the Pantheon Theatre from the old Wilson Avenue Theatre, which seated 1,000 people, I wondered if I could make myself heard. The accoustics were so perfect that I had little difficulty and soon accustomed myself to speaking in such a large auditorium. The first time we had it filled was at the Easter service, the first year we

were in the theatre. There were many Sundays during the time we met there when the theatre was filled. It was a different era than today. There was no television, no radio in the early days. Sunday was a day of rest and worship. The distractions did not exist which are so prevalent now. Practically everyone who attended the church lived in the neighborhood and walked to the services. Our community then was almost exclusively residential, with large six, seven, eight and ten-room apartments surrounding the church area.

When we bought our own property on Lawrence Avenue and built our own building, we felt that the character of the neighborhood would always remain. We had the beautiful lake at our front door, shaded streets, a quiet atmosphere, and it was always spoken of, when any reference was made to it in the press, as "The exclusive Wilson Avenue district." Alas! How it has all changed, and the changes have brought an ever-increasing challenge to our church. The last surviving charter member of our church, Mrs. George U. Gairing passed on last year, and there are very few in the congregation today who remember the days of which I am now writing. It would be almost impossible to make people who are familiar with the present situation realize what it was like in the early years of my pastorate. There are many members of our church today, and many who are still attending who remember the old Wilson Avenue Theatre, which preceded the Pantheon Theatre days.

At our first service, which met on the 7th of July, 1912, in Viking Temple on Sheffield Avenue, 167 people were present. This was the beginning of the infusion of the remnants of the old Peoples Church which was founded by Dr. Hiram W. Thomas, and which met for many years in McVicker's Theatre

in the loop. After Dr. Thomas' death, Dr. John Merritt Driver preached for some time, and then Dr. Frank Crane; and the Peoples Church moved to the Woodlawn Masonic Temple on the South Side. Dr. Frank Crane was an editorial writer and had a daily column in several newspapers, including the Chicago Daily News. He was called to the church in Worcester, Massachusetts, and the old Peoples Church started to disintegrate and disappear.

With the beginning of my work in the Viking Temple, some of the members of that church became interested and became a working part of the revitalized and new-born Peoples Church. Mr. William Hickcox, an uncle of Mrs. Philip E. Goold, was the Treasurer for many years of the old Peoples Church and he became a member of our Board of Trustees. Mrs. Goold, who had been active in the old church, became our Secretary, and Mrs. George Lomax, of the well-known Lomax family in Chicago, and who was a leader in many Chicago cultural activities and served as President of the old Tuesday Art and Travel Club, thought that we should organize a woman's organization. She had been active in the Ladies Social Circle of the old Peoples Church and she brought into her home a few women of the church and they organized the Ladies Social Circle. A young lady, Grace Wilkins Thayer, who lived in Aldine Square on the South Side, became interested in the services; she attended the organization meeting of the Ladies Social Circle, became one of the incorporators, the first Corresponding Secretary, and three years later, my beloved wife, with whom I lived 35 years.

I give you this little background of the history of our church and our magazine, because there are many people now interested who are unfamiliar

with our early history. The church remained in a hall in the Viking Temple for a month, and then we moved farther north, to Arcola Hall on North Clark Street, quite near Bergen Hall, which property is now occupied by the Cubs Baseball Park. Our little congregation kept growing and many fine leaders in the community became interested. During the summer, while I was away, the church leased the Wilson Avenue Theatre, which was then a famous Vaudeville House on the North Side, located on Wilson Avenue, near Broadway, and which later was re-built into the present building, occupied by the Bank of Chicago. The exterior of this building remains the same. I never go by it on Wilson Avenue (and I do often) without a little twinge in my heart as I think of the many years in which I preached there every Sunday morning, and where the real foundation for these later years was laid. Most of the people who were a part of my work and my life during that period have passed on, but they live in my heart and will always be a part of my life.

From the Wilson Avenue Theatre we moved to the Pantheon, and from the Pantheon to our own beautiful building where we now worship.

Just as "it takes a heap of living" as Edgar Guest once said, "in a house to make it home," so it takes the accumulation of the years in a church to give it that mellow atmosphere which lingers there, and which is created by the sacred memories of those who have come in and out of its doors.

In the very first number of our *Liberalist*, we published our Declaration of Principles of the Peoples Church, which was officially adopted by the congregation long, long ago, and only the other day a friend of mine said that this Declaration of

Principles of our church represented for him the finest statement of religion he had ever read. Because of his own intellectual and spiritual character, his opinion was inspiring. Will you turn right now, before you finish this month's "Along the Way," and read the Declaration of Principles? You will find it under the picture of our church on the inside of the front cover. In spite of the changes which have come to the world, in spite of war, depression and the assault upon all of the great values of life in these last few years, our Declaration of Principles has remained untouched and stands out like the Rock of Gibraltar in an age when humanity, under the tensions which it is undergoing, has turned to many unstable, insecure, flimsy ideas in religion.

I mentioned a moment ago the first number of our magazine—Vol. 1, No. 1, April, 1924. In that number I wrote an editorial called "What Is a Liberal?" As I re-read that editorial an hour ago, I was amazed at its modernity. It is as applicable today as when it was written and as our editorial in this Anniversary Number, I am going to re-publish the first editorial ever published in this magazine. You will find it on page 10. I hope you will read it. The sermon published in that first magazine was entitled "The Hunt for Happiness," and it seems more than accidental that the theme of finding happiness and poise and tranquillity of life should play such a continuous part in my own efforts and work. Now, after all these years, I have crystallized it into my latest book, *Happiness Through Creative Living*.

Well, I could go on with these reminiscences which seem to be justified in an Anniversary Number, and occupy our whole magazine, but I must not do that. There is something about an anni-

versary which does create a reminiscing mood and I hope my readers will forgive me.

Beautiful as the past history of our church is, encouraging as our progress has been in the past, and even after 43 years of service in our church, I am tremendously more interested in the future than I am in the past.

The object of an anniversary is not only to affirm a past but it is to predicate a future. My church means more to me today than it has ever meant, and I am more concerned about its future than ever. We have tried to meet every changing condition and every change has brought a new challenge and has deepened the necessity for our holding aloft the torch of Liberalism, Freedom in Religion, Brotherhood, Sympathetic Understanding of the problems of others and trying to project a Christlike spirit throughout all of the church.

Before I close this part of my monthly talk with you about our Liberalist, I hope you will give favorable consideration to our great hope that our list of subscribers will keep on increasing.

Our magazine is really the house organ of the church, and if you subscribe to it and send it to someone in another city or some other country, you are widening the areas of the church. When you are through with this number, why not mail it to a friend somewhere? Why not consider presenting as an Easter gift to a friend a year's subscription to *The Liberalist*? When it was first published the price was only \$1 a year and 10c a copy. Now it is \$2 a year and 20c a copy and the cost of publication increased every few months.

It is not that the church makes any money from our magazine; in fact,

(Continued on page 8)

SPRING IN SWITZERLAND

By Brent Dow Allinson

*... Yet often do I feel a languishment
For skies Italian, and an inward groan
To sit upon an Alp as on a throne,
And half forget what world and worldling meant.*
—John Keats

When I behold above the fear and strife
Of unextinguished wars—serene, unfurled,
The still-resplendent glory of the world,
And hear again above the din of life
The bells of Engelberg,—the silver fife
Of Spring in Switzerland, opening dew-pearled
Her gentian-flags in lily-fields uncurled,
Near mountain torrents glittering like a knife!—

When I see Truth outshining moulted lies,
Feel Love outliving Hate, and Justice Might,
And Life resurgent where Death hung forlorn—
On withered boughs—restored then I arise
From restless pain to walk the balsamed night:
And lo!—rose-dawn blooms on the Matterhorn.

(Lauterbrunnen to Zermatt)

ALONG THE WAY

(Continued from page 6)

never does. But it is the hope that wider acquaintance with the work of the church will result from this publication, with more people given an opportunity to read the sermons, book chats and editorials. Our magazine is thus an enlargement of the church and an extension of its spirit and ideals. It now goes into almost every state in the union, to five foreign countries, and oftentimes at a Sunday service someone will say to me, "Well, I never have been in the church before. I live in Texas (or Minnesota), but someone subscribes to The Liberalist for me, and being in Chicago on Sunday I wanted to come out and meet you and see the church." As a reader or a subscriber, why not try to secure one subscriber to the magazine, or as before suggested, give a subscription to someone you think would appreciate it.

On this, the beginning of its 32nd year of publication, I salute The Liberalist, upon which we have spent

many hours of work and love. May it go on and on and become more and more "a voice crying in the wilderness" in this tortured and bewitched world. May its voice always be resonant, strong and courageous in behalf of brotherhood, of understanding, of love and of peace.

* * *

I regret my space is gone for this issue. There were many other things I wanted to write about. Since last we met I have had an unusually busy, but always interesting time.

You will receive this before the beginning of our Holy Week services. I hope that each of you will make an effort to be present at the services during the week. Two beautiful services will be held on Palm Sunday. Every noon I shall be preaching at the Erlanger Theatre; every night in the Church, and three triumphant services on Easter day. I hope to see you often during Holy Week.

"ALL PRAYERS ARE ANSWERED"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

Sunday, February 27, 1955

IT IS interesting to observe that the only request in the record which the Disciples who surrounded the Master ever made of Him was to ask Him how to pray! They never asked Him about anything else except how to pray! And it is interesting to remember, also, that they themselves were "praying people"! They were all members of the synagogue; they were men who had been accustomed to the technique of religion;

they had often read the ancient scriptures until, possibly with but one or two exceptions among all the people whom Jesus surrounded Himself with, they were all accustomed to the religious traditionalism of the period! And after knowing all of this religious traditionalism, they turned to this Teacher and Prophet and said to Him: "Lord, teach us how to pray!"

I suppose that that is a question

(Continued on page 12)

HOLY WEEK *in the* **PEOPLES CHURCH**

Lawrence at Sheridan

PALM SUNDAY

April 3

11:00 a.m.—“The Meaning of True Triumph”

7:00 p.m.—“What Tuesday Means to Chicago”

ERLANGER THEATRE

127 North Clark Street (Loop)

April 4 to April 8

Noon Meetings in the Erlanger Theatre

Theme: “The Available Power of the Christ Spirit”

Monday—“The Source of the Christ Spirit”

Tuesday—“The Strength of the Christ Spirit”

Wednesday—“Barriers to the Christ Spirit”

Thursday—“Companions of the Christ Spirit”

Friday—“What Good Friday Tried to do to the Christ Spirit”

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence at Sheridan

Every Evening, 8 p.m.

Monday—“Spiritual Foundations for Creative Living”

Tuesday—Charming Play by Christopher Fry, “Boy With a Cart”

Produced by Equity Library Theatre

Wednesday—“The Prayers of Peter Marshall”—Marshall

Thursday—“The Meaning of the Last Supper”

Friday—“Were You at the Crucifixion?”

EASTER SUNDAY

Three Great Services

9:00 a.m.—“Where Have They Laid Him?”

Children Dedicated—New Members Received

11:00 a.m.—“Truth’s Eternal Triumph”

7:00 p.m.—“My Belief in Immortality Grows Stronger”

(Closing Sunday Evening Service)

Wednesday, April 6, 8:00 p.m.

“The Prayers of Peter Marshall”—Catherine Marshall

(Closing Book Lecture for Season)

April 17—11:00 a.m.—“How is Your Empathy?”

April 24—11:00 a.m.—“Get the Right Bus!”

DR. BRADLEY’S BROADCASTS

WBKB-TV—Every Sunday Morning 9:30 A.M.

WJJD—Every Sunday Morning 11:00 to 12:00

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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EDITORIAL

WHAT is a Liberal? One of the certain evidences of a carefully informed mind is the discrimination used in the selection of words and phrases by which thought and understanding are conveyed. The shallow pseudo-thinker always betrays his mentality by the looseness of his speech. No amount of enthusiasm, bombast, or emotionalism can cover up defective reasoning or the lack of understanding fundamentally a problem or subject under discussion. In these days of lamentable religious controversy, so intense at times as to make difficult the realization of spiritual truth, everyone who is sincerely desirous of knowing the truth needs to carefully analyze the problems, investigate the sources of information, determine how many of our opinions are the results of tradition, superstition, fear, race, environment, and the myriads of other factors that are a part of the influences which determine viewpoints. The people who utilize the processes of reason on problems of import, are decidedly in the minority. It is much easier to permit some preacher, priest, or rabbi, or some book, some journal or some church to do our thinking for us. How many of our opinions represent our own efforts to know and

recognize the truth about any subject?

Thinking as an individual experience has never been a popular procedure, and the individual who thinks for himself has always been the recipient of antagonism and condemnation by the type of mind incapable of sustained individual effort.

One of the words being bandied about with tragic abandonment of its real meaning is the word "Liberal." In the present deplorable antagonisms aroused by the "war in the churches" two words are being glibly used by both sides without careful consideration of their true meaning. There is nothing "modern" about much of the philosophy of the "Moderns," and there is much that is obviously not fundamental in the position of the "Fundamentalists." Truth is not locative or racial, but universal and absolute. It never can be considered in terms of the relative. I resent being called a "Modernist" and I need entertain no anxiety about being called a "Fundamentalist," but I do desire being truly and sincerely called a "Liberal."

A Liberal, when speaking in terms of its philosophical significance, is one who entertains an open mind toward all the problems involved in this experi-

ence of life. A true Liberal can never assume an attitude of impregnability toward any theory, ideal, creed, race, individual, church or system. A true Liberal can never say "You are wrong if you do not see this matter through my eyes and comprehend it with my mind." A true Liberal never permits his intellectual variances to obscure those attractive qualities of heart and life of those who disagree with him. A true Liberal will never willingly injure his fellow-man of whatever belief. A true Liberal will never be the assassin of another's character. A true Liberal will never retaliate for the unchristian attacks of those who are professing to be "like Christ." Bigotry is an ignoble attitude, whether it be manifested by a "Modernist" or a "Fundamentalist." I have known bigots in both camps. One is no more attractive than the other. A true Liberal will never become a self-constituted judge to decide the "Christianity" of any man.

A true Liberal is never afraid that any discovery of science, any achievement of the inventor, any verdict of the time-records of rock or tomb, or any law of biology, or verdict of the science of anthropology, can take away from the Creator the power and beauty of His being; the telescope increases our vision of God and the microscope reveals his consideration of the minute. All is His handiwork. Evolution does not impress me as decreasing our esteem, but as magnificently widening our vision of the God behind it all. Such is the mental attitude of the Liberal.

What a pity that men cannot differ théologically and yet be united in "the bonds of the spirit." The world has witnessed fewer tragedies than that now sweeping the religious world. If one fraction of the energy being wasted—and wasted it is—could be spent in helping to solve the urgent problems

which are daily becoming more acute we would have a different condition in the world of today. What about the war, child-slavery, the social evil, poverty, government, economics, and all the others? Did Jesus have anything to say about these problems? Is "following Him" only to be construed as assenting to a theological belief "about Him?" Did He say anything in a prayer about "Thy Kingdom come on earth?" Why make Jesus always a theologian by selecting those utterances which can be interpreted with their theological significance? Why a one-sided Jesus? Why emphasize the speculative and theological and not the pragmatic? He had a definite message for the economic and moral conditions of his day. That message was true—therefore it is universal and applicable to every age.

The Liberal is concerned with Christianity as a way, and not as a creed—as a life and not as a system. The true Liberal will work with any individual organization that tries to make articulate the voice of Jesus in this age in helping to solve the problems of the here and now. He will gladly acknowledge any genius of humanity who has tried to touch life with a starward impulse. With the Liberal the cause is supreme and not the theory. The performance is imperative and not the promise.

The other evening I spoke at a gathering of 1500 men and women who had been brought together by the desire to preserve for posterity the remnant of the Out-of-Doors of the America of our ancestors. Conservation of our natural resources, our animals, birds, and fishes, of fin, feather and fir—our forests, lakes and streams; this was the inspiration of the gathering. The list of speakers comprised a Roman Catholic priest, a Jewish Rabbi, a Congregationalist, a Presbyterian, a

Methodist, a Lutheran minister, an Ethical Culturist, and a Unitarian. During the whole affair there was not one discord, no intimation of theological differences, no personal animosities—the very environment was inspiring. We were all solidified by the unity of one great ideal. More than once during the evening this thought came to me:

“If all the warring and wrangling of Christians, with their plans, creeds, isms, theories, and the attendant bitterness, could all be forgotten, while in the unity of the great need, all of us together, of whatever creed would simply take this attractive position: I will believe what I feel to be true

about this or that in religion, but I will unite with my fellow man in trying to make this a better world in which to live. I will respect his honest convictions on matters of religion. I will not harass him or falsely accuse him with my own judgments. I will gladly recognize his right of individual opinion, and his freedom to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience—and I will co-operate with him in every way, for after all, he may be right.”

All this is what it means to me to be a Liberal.

(This editorial was written by Dr. Bradley in April, 1924).

ALL PRAYERS ARE ANSWERED

(Continued from page 8)

which has been frequently in your mind. It has been frequently in mine, as our prayers have gone unanswered—and who is there who hasn't had unanswered prayers? I have—and so have you! I remember on the 26th of May in the early morning, 1951, receiving a telephone call from a hospital in Virginia, Minnesota. And I remember the message: “Jimmy is here in the hospital, very ill!” The first thing I did was to pray, and I prayed all day, until the phone rang again at three o'clock, and the doctor said: “Dr. Bradley, steel yourself now. Get hold of yourself. Jimmy has just slipped away.” An unanswered prayer! A thousand times in my life have I prayed—and you too—and have had an unanswered prayer!

Each of us desires to pray intelligently. I think we should make an intelligent approach to prayer. And although I have only a few minutes and will continue this later on in the Sunday mornings that are to come before

the Easter Sunday, I would like to tell you, as simply and plainly as I can, what prayer means to me and what I think prayer is and why there are *no unanswered prayers*. Only in *our* concepts are prayers unanswered! In another concept every prayer *is* answered! I have no faith, whatever, in the thought of prayer as being a demanding of something from God; an attitude of prayer that says constantly: “God, give me this; give me that! GIVE! GIVE! GIVE! GIVE!” *That*, to me, *is not prayer! That* is pure, unadulterated selfishness! “I *want* success, God; I *want* help! I *want* this! I *want* that job! I *want* that income! God, I *want* this!”—and we call it prayer! *That* is not prayer! It is not prayer by any standard, whatever, of the philosophy and reality of prayer as Jesus knew it and understood it! Not at all!

There is always a preliminary experience which each of us must have if we are to understand the reality of

prayer. In the first place, there is the prayer of the receptive attitude, the willingness to stand in the presence of the eternal power of the Divine and say to that power: "Not *my* begging and pleading, but *Thy* will!"—and that's different! That is the very heart of the communion with God which is prayer, for prayer is *conversation with God!* It isn't a printed prayer; it isn't a memorized, repeated prayer; it isn't a prayer that has been said even through the ages; it is not a prayer that is hoary with age and with time—that is not the greatness of prayer at all!

Prayer is as simple as a little child putting his arms around his mother's neck and weeping there! Prayer is as simple as a little boy going out into the night with his father and reaching up and taking the hand of his father and saying: "Daddy, I'm not afraid—you're here!" *That's* prayer! Prayer isn't words and it isn't ceremony, and it doesn't matter what phrases you use, and it doesn't matter whether you stand up while you pray or sit down or kneel while you pray—that is all a matter of mechanics as, indeed, it is the unimportant part of prayer! Prayer is as the poet said: "The soul's sincere desire unuttered or expressed!" *That* is prayer!

Prayer is feeling so friendly and so intimate with God that you're not afraid of Him. You can't pray while a God hangs over you that's jealous and fearful and angry! Leave *that* kind of praying to the literalists. Don't try it! Prayer is not the literalisms of ecclesiastical ceremony or the rapid repeating of vibrant words that have long since lost vitality. *That* is not prayer! Prayer is just the sensitiveness that, even when you are in a moment of defeat and heartache and ill health and sin and everything else, you find that you can just touch the

Heart of God and you get strength and you get power and you get victory! *That* is prayer!

It's a good thing to learn to pray dangerously! As Dr. Fosdick said once in a beautiful sermon on prayer: "Pray dangerously!"—and the congregation gasped for a moment. What do you mean to "pray dangerously?" I'll tell you what I mean! Albert Schweitzer prayed dangerously—and it sent him to the heart of Africa! He "prayed dangerously"! Be careful what you pray! It may require you to change your whole life! It's dangerous to pray! It may require you to do something that, if you consulted your personal desires and your own comfort and your own safety, you would never pray at all! It may send you to Africa! It may send you to the Arctic! It may send you to poverty! It may send you somewhere entirely different from where you are today! It has done it with those in the past and it did it with my dear friend, Sir Wilfred Grenfell.

Sir Wilfred Grenfell was one of the most famous and one of the richest physicians of Hartley Street in London, and one day he went into Dwight L. Moody's meeting in London at Albert Hall and he prayed! And that prayer sent Sir Wilfred Grenfell from the safety and the security and the social prestige of London to the barren, bleak coast of Labrador where he gave his life in sacrifice—because he prayed! It may do that to you, young man! Don't idle about this matter of prayer—it's dangerous! Beethoven composed music when there was no instrument to give it full fruition. Think of it! In the solo part of the C Minor Concerto alone Beethoven only had a little instrument with a few strings that sounded like a tin pan—that's all he had for the solo part in the C Minor Concerto! Beethoven wrote music that had to wait for an instrument to give

it full expression! *That's* prayer! *That's* prayer! Pray without ceasing—*that's* prayer! The beauty of life is prayer! You don't have to say words and you don't have to say phrases—

prayer is the *music of the soul* speaking the divine symphonies of God! So live, that when people look at you they will know *how* you pray! Infinite Father of our hearts, teach us *how* to pray!



BOOK CHATS

SPRING will be here officially in just five more days from the time these words are written. What could be more appropriate then than to suggest Austin L. Rand's *Stray Feathers From a Bird Man's Desk*. Published by Doubleday, who tells us it is "sixty chapters' worth of ornithology on a holiday—with an invitation out for the general reader to go along on this fascinating and informative global bird walk."

Mr. Rand's interest in natural history began when, as a boy in Nova Scotia, he spent his spare time in the fields and forests studying and collecting birds. He interrupted his graduate work at Cornell University in 1929 to join the International French-English-American Expedition to Madagascar. This trip resulted in having a new genus, *Randia*, named for him. He has studied birds in practically every part of the world since that time, from the Yukon to El Salvador, the Philippines to Madagascar.

Austin L. Rand is curator of the world-wide collection of birds at the Chicago Natural History Museum. While a museum curator's life covers exploration, collecting, studying collections, and writing reports, Dr. Rand admits that his special interest has always been in the living birds, whether they be "common as sparrows" or "odd ducks."

The author has gathered together a wealth of bird data—some that is

familiar, and much that is not generally known. Chapters are devoted to such matters as "Bird Apartment Houses," "Walled Wives of Hornbills," "Traveling Birds' Nests," and "Fish Eats Bird!" One chapter heading sounded so modern—"Feathered Baby Sitters and Co-Op Nursery Nests." "Green Hunting Jays Turn Blue" and "How Birds Use Cows as Hunting Dogs," as well as "Decoration in the Home" sound very interesting.

Tiny illustrations at the head of each chapter, delightfully humorous and of the cartoon type are by Ruth Johnson. An ideal gift to any lover of birds.

* * *

Many books have been written recently about Africa. *Cairo to Cape-town*, by Reginald Reynolds, was published by Doubleday in February. The author is spoken of as a scholar without the scholar's solemnity and a writer who wins lasting friends. His books include *Cleanliness* and *Godliness*, *Beds* and *Beards*, and the eloquent *A Quest for Gandhi*, which have a permanence because they combine literary skill with unflinching enthusiasm.

Mr. Reynolds was born in Glastonbury, England, was educated at Friends School in Essex and Woodbrooke College, Birmingham. He now lives in London and travels whenever he can manage it. Much of his time is devoted to Quaker activities. He says of himself—"I have been many things—school-teacher, commercial traveler,

ganger of a farm training colony for juvenile delinquents, letting agent for luxury flats, secretary of a pacifist organization, and so on."

The book gives an absorbing panoramic view of Africa and its present problems. The author is a keen observer and a skillful writer and eloquently demonstrates his broad humanitarian interests. Independent and open-minded, he speaks his views without reserve. Aware of the racial tensions and social and political evils he must expect to find, his primary object was to find whatever signs of hope there were in the territories he visited. He traveled by rail, road and river, slowly, making his way from Cairo on the north, to Capetown on the south, in six months. He passed through Egypt, the Sudan, Uganda, Kenya, Tanganyika, Northern and Southern Rhodesia, the Transvaal, Natal, and Cape Province. The account of that journey is in *Cairo to Cape Town*.

Mr. Reynolds was impressed, in Egypt, by the new sense of progress everywhere. In Uganda the color bar is strong, and he encountered tribesmen who were intent on Westernizing their culture with "the white man's juju." He learned of Kenya's "White Terror" at first hand—the atrocities committed by the Police Reserve in suppressing Mau Mau outbreaks. In the Union of South Africa he found the systematic subjugation of the native Africans a matter so obvious as not to be denied.

The Prelude to this book is, I think, beautifully written. It describes what Mr. Reynolds calls his "point of departure," which is his leave-taking of Signora Merlo and Signorina Bellora and more especially the little Italian girls of the Neapolitan slums who were in their care as part of the work being done by the Unione Christiana delle Giovani d'Italia.

"These children of the Neapolitan slum were the happiest people I had met in Italy. . . . I saw the sunrise of eternity in those faces that were framed in the doorway. It is for such as these that I now live and in the like of them that I vest what hope I have for humanity."

In Cairo everyone supposed he was going to see the pyramids. "The pyramids have waited for me for four thousand years," he told one man. "They can wait a little longer." . . . "I'm not here to gape at the pyramids. They belong to the dead past. So does the Sphinx. I'm here to see Egypt today and tomorrow. What are you doing *now*? What do you plan for the future?" The author then takes you right along with him in the car, introduces you to his fellow-travelers, and if one cannot pack right up and go to Africa, he will enjoy this trip by proxy and will be much the wiser and better-informed on a country that is more and more coming into the news of the world.

You will be interested in the way each chapter opens. For instance, the chapter "Their Hearts Are Still Hungry;" here is the opening sentence.

"'They feed their bodies,' said the Egyptian major, 'and they even feed their minds. It's the heart they can't satisfy. Their hearts are still hungry.'"

"I was on my way to Gaza. The 'Gaza Strip,' stretching some twenty-five miles along the coast and about six miles in breadth, lies between the frontier of 'Israel' and the sea. The Arabs still call this relic by the name of Philistine (Palestine). It was in Gaza of the Philistines that the legendary Samson died in barbaric splendour. Two thirds of the Strip is barren—mere sand dunes by the salt water. In it there live some 300,000 men, women and children.

"Over two-thirds of them are refu-

gees—some of the 886,000 homeless Arabs known to be living on the borders of what was once their home. Some live in camps administered by the United Nations Relief and Works Agency. Some live in their own tents or in mud houses which they have built.

"I visited two hospitals and interviewed five doctors. The T.B. hospital was completely full, the beds on the men's side packed close. No, they had no convalescent home—the people just went back to their overcrowded rooms or leaky tents. Few could stay long—the sick had to make way for more serious cases. Nobody could say how much T.B. there was in the camps. They only caught up with the worst cases. One doctor, who was in charge of a clinic for two camps, said he had to deal with an average of three hundred patients per day. It was impossible to examine them properly and only mass X-ray could answer my question.

Asked by Reginald Reynolds what were their hopes, if any, the young Palestinian administrator to whom the question was addressed blazed with sudden anger at human stupidity in general. "What do you expect?" "Didn't Churchill himself give us the word for it, when he made friends with Stalin to destroy Hitler? He said he would shake hands with the Devil, if necessary. You could go into any of those tents or houses and ask them. They would welcome Russia, Communism, war—anything you like that promised liberation, '*They want to go home.*'"

"Tell the English and the Americans," said another man, "that if the refugees all become Communists the responsibility will be theirs. We never wanted the Mandate. It was forced on us and we fought against it, but they had their way. This is the result. We know who betrayed us and mere 'relief' doesn't solve anything."

Recently on a Sunday afternoon in Anderson Hall, the Channing Club invited Eduardo Mondlane, a Fellowship student at Northwestern University to address a Peoples Church audience. There was a good attendance and you who came showed you felt repaid by your enthusiastic applause of the talented young speaker. He admitted the situation in Africa was dangerous, while explaining much about the country in general. Ever since I heard him talk, I have wanted to read more about Africa.

You and I need to know more and more about the rest of the world. People are traveling to far places of the world more than ever before. We can all take advantage of what they learn from the books they write. The more of these books we read the better can we compare the information given and assimilate from all that we read a general picture which will help us visualize the world of today. Reginald Reynolds will certainly help you become acquainted with Africa and its people, from *Cairo to Capetown*.

* * *

Just before these Book Chats were written, we heard at our regular Wednesday Evening Book Lecture in the Church, a very entertaining and excellent review by Rev. Waldemar Argow of *Song of the Sky*, by Guy Murchie. All too few people heard this splendid book review, for the evening was very cold, which kept some people at home. You who heard the book reviewed will, I am sure, wish to read it, for Mr. Argow gave a very sympathetic interpretation of it and made us all feel that the author was one we would wish to meet. Mr. Argow had met the author fourteen years ago, had been on a mountain trip with him and had not known that at that very time Mr. Murchie was working on this book. It treats of the sky much as Rachel L.

Carson treated of the ocean in *The Sea Around Us*. It makes the air around us an interesting and strange world worth investigating. Mr. Murchie, who has a deep love of nature has the heart of a poet and his writing oftentimes is as poetic as free verse.

You will learn about the different strata of air and hear about the air-pilot who flew straight west for hours, at a great speed, only to find himself eventually hundreds of miles east of the point from which he started.

Did you know that an expert can taste the wind and tell you from whence it comes—whether, say, from Quebec or from the Gulf Stream? Did you know that every square inch of air is filled with trillions of living organisms—that some of them are shaped much like airplanes, others like

pyramids, etc. In very dry air they may appear to have no life, yet when the air becomes very moist they seem to come back to life and fly about. The very air and sky around you will come alive to you through this book, *Song of the Sky*. It would seem that between a study of what is around the earth, above it, and in the sea below it, and also upon its surface, the study of life itself could go on for all eternity and never grow dull. Wouldn't you like to have another life to live, just for the purpose of studying more thoroughly what life itself is? More and more are the most interested ones and those with the greatest curiosity delving into its mysteries and trying to let us know as much as possible. We only need to turn the pages and read what they have discovered.



The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By **ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY**

JUST because this is an anniversary number of *The Liberalist* I got to thinking about growth and maturity. The first thing I knew I was looking up little poems and sayings about growth, age, and such things. Then I thought: "Well, why not publish a few of these. It's good to read poetry once in awhile, and I always enjoy the anthologies where selections have been made for me, so perhaps our readers will enjoy these. There didn't seem to be so many on this subject of growth and age, but I found a few. Then I came across something in our Mail Bag which was sent in some time ago by a chap I know who is very young and vigorous to look at,

who is probably in his early forties. What he sent in was so much more philosophical than I ever would expect from him, and because he has the engineering type of mind, I was doubly surprised to read it. He wrote underneath: "Didn't have anything to do. Where shall I bury this?" At first I thought it was entirely away from the subject I started to write about. Then it occurred to me that it might be the way someone would feel who had suddenly been retired from work and had "time on his hands." So before selecting from the books around me, here is a contribution from a regular reader of *The Liberalist*, taken right fresh out of the Mail Bag:

"When every minute brings a problem that's a whiz, and every answer to a question presents another quiz; and things keep coming at you from multiple directions, and seem to be inbred with all the imperfections . . .

"And *your* constructive major plans must wait, lest all *these little details finish late* . . . You always swear . . . 'I only need uninterrupted time! One single solitary hour would be fine! And then I'd do these things for which I'm built, and take my daily pay without a sense of guilt.'

"But days go into weeks and months and more; while all these *Big* things wait, you do your daily chore. You don't know that every single busy day keeps you ticking on your way. No, you don't think of that until you're *all alone*, with time to kill. Then suddenly it's here—no premium is time! You have it all—this thing sublime! You own each hour, day and week, to work it out for what *you* seek. You think, 'Now, let's get started—get things done; now's time to finish what's begun.'

"You try and try—you can't begin. Because something's missing from within. It's then you know, those things you've dreamed, and all the things you've ever schemed, just can't be done alone!" B.W.

* * *

Dorothea S. Kopplin compiled a lovely little book for her children to live by, when she thought she wasn't going to be with them long, according to what her doctor said. She called the book "Something to Live By." I found this little bit, remembered by me from school days, by Ebenezer C. Brewer and Dorothea Kopplin put it in a chapter on "The Value of Time":

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make a mighty ocean,
And the pleasant land.

Thus the *little minutes*,
Humble though they be,
Make the *mighty ages*
Of *eternity*.

In Marjorie Barrows' anthology, "One Thousand Beautiful Things," I found—

ON LIVING

"The riders in a race do not stop short when they reach the goal. There is a little finishing canter before coming to a standstill. There is time to hear the kind voice of friends and to say to one's self: 'The work is done.' But just as one says that, the answer comes: 'The race is over, but the work never is done while the power to work remains.' The canter that brings you to a standstill need not be more than coming to rest. It cannot be, while you still live. For to live is to function. That is all there is in living."—
Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr.

LIFE! I KNOW NOT WHAT THOU ART

Anna L. Barbauld

Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met
I own to me's a secret yet.

Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy
weather.

It's hard to part when friends are dear,—
Perhaps it will cost a sigh, a tear;
—Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time: Say not good-
night—

But—some brighter time
Bid me good morning.

GROWING OLD

Karle Wilson Baker

(This is a favorite of Dr. Bradley's)

Let me grow lovely, growing old—
So many fine things do;
Laces and ivory, and gold,
And silks need not be new;

And there is healing in old trees,
Old streets a glamour hold;
Why may not I, as well as these,
Grow lovely, growing old?

GROW OLD ALONG WITH ME

Robert Browning

Grow old along with me!

The best is yet to be;

The last of life, for which the
first was made;

Our times are in his hand who saith,

"A whole I planned,

Youth shows but half; trust God;

"See all, nor be afraid!"

—From Rabbi Ben Erza

I have often heard Dr. Bradley read this last verse by Browning. And I remember, too, that Jimmie would often do the one of Karle Wilson Baker's, "Growing Old." Perhaps he did it often because it was Dr. Bradley's favorite.

When I remember the magnificent old trees on the lawn at Wellesley College where I visited two summers ago, and how I stood and drank in their beauty, certainly maturity adds to the beauty and majesty of old trees.

When I listen to a sermon by Dr. Bradley, as he gives us of the richness and mellowness of the accumulation of his years, certain it is that time and maturity have but enriched and deepened his powers of penetration, insight, his breadth of vision and his power of beautiful speech.

And when we think of the work of *The Liberalist*, of the message of Liberalism and the spirit of progress that its messages have carried through all these 31 years, and try to imagine the number of persons whose thinking this little magazine has influenced, who can help but feel that as its years have increased, so has its field of influence spread as do the boughs of a green bay tree.

* * *

Sam Campbell, the Philosopher of the Forest, who has been heard many times by the audiences of the Peoples Church, wrote:

"Dear Preston: I have so many things to thank you for. Most recent

is the fine review and recommendation you gave my latest book *Loony Coon* in *The Liberalist*. I know of no one whose endorsement I prize more than yours. Thank you, Preston.

"For another favor deserving of my gratitude, I reach back a few months—blushing with shame that I have not expressed my feelings before. It was your friendly and helpful gesture in cabling Hawaii at the time of my first visit there. The man you knew at the Chamber of Commerce had resigned his position, but chanced to be in Honolulu. He received your wire, and immediately took the matter up with the right people. You never saw a more cordial welcome than Giny and I received. All the time we were there we experienced the finest co-operation, and we came back with a film that reflected this excellent help. We showed the film before over 100,000 people, and at these lectures I publicly expressed my gratitude to you for your part in its production.

"I want to thank you for an even greater favor—the inspiration you have been to me through the years. Your patient, persistent, and effective work in keeping people conscious of God has been a joy to me. Many times when my own efforts have appeared fruitless I have been helped out of self-imposed gloom by things you have written, said, and done.

"Giny joins me in wishing you and Mrs. Bradley the fullest happiness at this season, and at all times.

Sincerely,

Sam."

The above letter came from the Campbell's winter address in Barrington, Illinois. He and Giny are now planning to escort a party on a 21-day trip to Alaska early next June.

* * *

Mrs. Kohl, in Aurora, Ill., saw the

wedding ceremony which Dr. Bradley performed on Channel 2 over Television on a recent Sunday and wrote:

"I watched 'Wedding Day' on Channel 2 yesterday at 12:30 o'clock and do not have words at my command to tell you what a lovely service it was. I have attended many weddings, but have never heard anything as beautiful as your closing remarks to the bride and groom, wherein you stated, in part, 'Love guard thee without and within from this time forward forevermore. Amen.'"

Others who saw this wedding have since remarked on its beauty.

* * *

Now a quote from Mary McGinn Taylor, Editor, "The Clubwoman," of General Federation of Women's Clubs:

"We are delighted and most grateful to receive your inspirational article on 'Constructive Living Through Service.' We shall be very proud to run this in the April issue of The Clubwoman which will have a religious theme. Your fine article will sound the keynote for the magazine.

"Mrs. Chapman wishes me to convey to you her warmest personal greetings."

* * *

Mr. Robert Dachman, Chicago Director of the City of Hope, free national non-sectarian medical center of Chicago, wrote to Dr. Bradley following that organization's dinner at which Dr. Bradley was the speaker:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: The City of Hope dinner last night was extremely successful, both morale-wise and financially. Most important, Chicago was privileged to hear one of the outstanding orators of our time.

"You were magnificent. You have heard this probably every day of your life, but, Dr. Bradley, it is true. The

great humanness of your words, the forcefulness of your expression, your sympathetic understanding of the masses, were things that thrilled and held your audience completely spellbound.

"May I take this opportunity to thank you on behalf of our entire Committee for providing us with a thrill of our lifetime. God bless you."

* * *

Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, famous pastor of Christ Church, in New York City, heard on the air every Sunday morning, wrote:

My Dear Preston Bradley: I have just been reading the splendid section from your new book as given in The Tribune. Congratulations! Also my friends have been telling me of your kind treatment of myself on a recent Sunday evening. Thanks!

I recall so pleasantly our train conversation of some years ago.

Cordially,

Ralph W. Sockman

* * *

From Col. Seymour Weiss, President and Managing Director of The Roosevelt and the Hotel New Orleans in New Orleans, Louisiana, came this note: "Dear Dr. Bradley: I thoroughly enjoyed the story which appeared in the Chicago Daily Tribune on January 31st and I got a great deal out of it.

"I am looking forward with much pleasure to seeing you on your visit to our very interesting city.

"My kindest personal regards. Sincerely."

* * *

Many of our readers will recall that shortly after the publication of "Happiness Through Creative Living" Mr. Tommy Bartlett of "Welcome Travelers" interviewed Dr. Bradley over

that nationwide television program. The following reverberation from that telecast is just a slight indication of what the response might be, and what the influence might be of the work of the Peoples Church if Dr. Bradley were on a nationwide broadcast.

The telephone rang one afternoon and the operator said "Pasadena, California is calling Dr. Preston Bradley." At that moment Dr. Bradley was just entering the Study, returning from an engagement. He picked up the 'phone and it took a few moments before he recalled the little girl, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, who had a printing shop on Belmont Avenue, and printed the first church bulletins of the Peoples Church. Very few members of the Peoples Church will remember the Camerons, but printing the church bulletins was their contribution to the work of the church. And little Martha (their daughter, now a more than middle-aged woman, and living in California) had been the one who folded those first church bulletins after they were printed and brought them to the church. Dr. Bradley buried the father and mother years ago and Martha had completely gone out of the life of the church. She had seen Dr. Bradley on Welcome Travelers, way out in her home near Pasadena, California, and just wanted to call him up, long distance and talk with him. The conversation lasted about 15 minutes. Such are the delightful surprises that a national hookup of radio or television may bring.

* * *

The following letter may be very helpful to someone passing through a like experience of great loss and grief. Mrs. Oscar A. Ahlgren has fairly recently become Past President of the General Federation of Woman's Clubs. On hearing of the death of her hus-

band, Dr. Bradley wrote her, at her home in Whiting, Indiana. Mrs. Ahlgren writes:

"One of the many things Oscar Ahlgren taught me is that courage is not built in the hour in which it is needed—it is built in the years preceding that hour. I want you to know how very much I appreciate your kind letter.

"We had just begun our vacation in Florida when suddenly the world crashed at my feet and I had no desire to pick it up. Then, in that dark moment of despair, Oscar's voice said to me: 'Where is the Ahlgren spirit?'

"At that instant I knew that there was no death and that Oscar was watching me, giving me encouragement as usual, to face all the tomorrows ahead.

"For 32 beautiful years we built 'the Ahlgren spirit' and now it was up to me to prove how well we had succeeded.

"What is the Ahlgren spirit?

"First of all it is an abiding faith in God and His goodness. Love like ours cannot die. While I cannot look into Oscar's eyes and hear him say—as he did every day of our married life—'Have I told you today that I adore you?' I can never lose his love and encouragement, courage and perseverance, inspiration and humility.

"That is 'the Ahlgren spirit'—to walk with God, and to know that the power to be courageous lies in my own heart. It is just like a faucet. I can turn it on. I can turn it off. It's entirely up to me.

"As I continue my various activities, of which Oscar was exceedingly proud, and with my hand in His hand, Oscar Ahlgren can never die. He will live on and on.

"Thank you again for your kindness and remember me in your prayers."

KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

FEBRUARY

- 1—Wedding
Radio Address. Interviewed by Bob Elson, Pump Room, Ambassador East Hotel.
Address. Men's Club, Temple Sholom.
Address. WBBM-TV. Interview by Irving Kupcinet.
- 2—Funeral.
Book Lecture on "Happiness Through Creative Living".
Reception and autographing Party, Peoples Church.
- 3—Address and autographing party The Fair Store, Chicago.
Address. WBBM-TV. Interview by Lee Phillips.
Address. West Side Masonic Temple, Pleiades Lodge, A.F.&A.M.
- 4—Attendance at reception to Hon. Paul E. Magloire, President of Haiti by Association of Commerce and Industry.
Autographed books at Kroch's & Brentano's.
Press Reception to myself by publishers at the "House on the Roof," Hotel Sherman.
Attendance at reception to Hon. Paul E. Magloire, President of Haiti, Sheraton Hotel.
Dinner Guest at Kungsholm.
- 5—Funeral.
Wedding.
- 6—Two services Peoples Church.
Wedding.
- 7—Autographed books at The Fair.
- 8—Address. Radio Station WCFC.
Funeral.
Address. Anniversary Dinner, Wabash Ave. YMCA.
Address. Testimonial dinner to Mayor Martin H. Kennelly.
- 9—Funeral.
Book Lecture.
- 10—Autographed books at Book Store, Utica, New York.
Two Radio Addresses. Station WIBX, Utica.
Address. IWLA Annual Dinner, Tabernacle Baptist Church, Utica, N.Y.
- 11—Autographed books at Marshall Fields and at Kroch's & Brentano's.
- 12—Luncheon Friends of Literature. Autographed books.
Wedding.
- 13—Two services Peoples Church.
- 14—Funeral.
Autographed books at Carsons. Visit with Adlai Stevenson.
Wedding.
Address. Illinois Monument Association, Conrad Hilton Hotel.
- 15—Address. WBBM-TV. Interview on "Welcome Travelers" with Tony Bartlett.
Address. Lawndale Community Forum.
- 16—Address. Book and Author Luncheon, Blackstone Hotel.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.
- 17—Address. Michigan Retail Hardware Assn. Statler Hotel.
- 19—Two funerals.
Commencement Address. Chicago College of Naprapathy, Walnut Room Bismarck Hotel.
- 20—Two services. Peoples Church. Brotherhood Service at night.
- 21—Funeral.
Address. Woman's Club Birthday Party, Peoples Church.
- 22—Sick calls.
Address. B'nai B'rith Temple Shaar Tikvah.
- 23—Book Lecture. Peoples Church.
- 24—Funeral.
Address. Uptown Lions Club, Edgewater Beach Hotel.
Autographed books at The Fair Store.
Address. Award dinner. Johnson Motors Employees, Swedish Club, Waukegan, Ill.
- 25—Address Uptown Boys Club. Induction Ceremony.
- 26—Autograph party at Wieboldt's Store, Evanston.
- 27—Two services. Peoples Church.
Christening, Peoples Church.
- 28—Autographed books. Peoples Church.
Sick calls.

FUNERALS

- 2—Mr. Frank Robbins.
- 5—Mr. Fred Rundquist.
- 8—Mrs. Mildred Day.
- 9—Mrs. Ada Wadsworth.
- 14—Ray M. Colby.
- 19—Mr. Fred Stevens.
Mrs. Florence Gideon.
- 21—Mr. Rudolph J. Olson.
- 24—Mr. Robert Jacobi.

WEDDINGS

- 1—Estelle Jurgilas and John P. Tiz.
- 5—Mrs. Mae Savage and Howard G. Mayer.
- 6—Dorothy M. Berndt and Emile J. Vicia.
- 12—Terrie Colucci and Lee Stroh.
- 14—Suzanne Suto and Raymond Beliveau.

CHRISTENINGS

- 27—Maxine Burness Hall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Hall.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mrs. Carl Swanson, Superintendent

Ronald Walrath, Director Religious Education..... 9:30 a.m.

Sunday Morning Service, Broadcast by WJJD..... 11:00 to 12:00 noon

Sunday Evening Service..... 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures (from November to Easter)..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—Monday, April 4, Art Department, Mrs. Emma Sangernebo,
Chairman. Presenting Reginald Foort in an Organ Recital..... 1:00 p.m.

Monday, April 18, Election of Officers..... 1:00 p.m.

Monday, April 25, Closing Luncheon, Edgewater Beach Hotel. Speaker,
Dr. Preston Bradley. Music to be announced..... 12:30 p.m.

Men's Club—Tuesday evening, April 26, the Men's Club will present Mr. H. P.
Frans, of Holland, Michigan, who will speak on "What Price Blood;" a
lecture on the coins of the Bible. He will bring an exhibit of coins. Ladies
night. Refreshments. Guest fee 50c..... 8:00 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club—Tuesday, April 12, Business Meeting
and election of officers, followed by a surprise entertainment, plus refresh-
ments. Guest fee, 35c..... 8:00 p.m.
Date of Annual Spring Dinner, May 10. Full announcement later.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam*

Channing Club, 1st and 3rd Sundays, Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals, Every Thursday, New Members Welcomed..... 8:00 p.m.

Usher's Club—Secretary, Harold E. Hansen, Secretary, EDgewater 4-5998

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Friday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Friday, Bradley Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S BROADCASTING SCHEDULE

WBKB-TV, Channel 7, Every Sunday..... 9:30 a.m.

WJJD—Every Sunday morning during the church season..... 11:00 to 12:00 noon

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